I daren't suggest it to L. at the moment. So far he has been justified. But my spirit is mounting. And my word, what a treat to read my book & an evening — Flaubert letters — Macaulay. I was rapt, I haven't read so much since I was a child. As a child d'ye remember sitting with eyes both on the paper & on the pane. Its allurein taken ready — so I lie on my sofa. And the Stats & taps on the pane. I've not yet read to ye. Even V. this morning. It's not yet read Vita. Chs moralid farts is so pink Sackville-Farleigh. Need slowly I told the words. Ja see I've no news, & not much play of mind nor much fluency. Lots of ye could see my heart & mind be like a sofa pincushion flowing with love. The words L... I S to are NYPL traced there; can ye interpret the meaning? Well, I'm ready to take again into Macaulay whom I find so engrossing & almost ~~tears~~ fears me to make to 1936 V.

Rota 2.4.63

(On the Pan article
"Mordenate? affaden")

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

23rd June 1936

I have read it with { laughter / tears / pleasure / pain } a

complete medley of feelings. So has Leonard.
We laid me both read without stopping:
but we both felt the same doubt — could
the Hogarth Press deal with it? So we
submitted it to our manager, Now she
has given her opinion emphatically that
the Press would bungle it. She thinks
our public would be puzzled: it would not
sell; in short, both for your sake & ours
advises us against it. As usual, there
are clinging that these small books are
fearfully tricky to deal with. Therefore
we feel that as the Press has made for-
a form offer. You ought to close with

Rota 2.4.63

Chem. As you see, the judgment is not literary but commercial, & it has more weight because you are a friend. I mean, if it didn't look we should feel guilty. But I'm sorry, & so, Leonard. It produced the oddest confusion of feeling in me — partly the psychological reason: as a revelation of an unknown, or little analysed, facility in me. And neither you were, as you anticipated, shocked: no: not one bit. (I must get them to you it back tomorrow)

Oh the flowers! Oh mine were ~~died~~ dried & yellowed: suddenly in comes your parcel — how touched I was by the thong of grass binding them, & to think of you stooping in that heat-ablaze room & meadow. Mine they still are — my only flowers.

Oh damn the Crescent Press! NYPL

Still if they can make a good job of a small booklet, they might be brilliant publishers — I rather suspect they're worked up that particular market. Shall hope to hear its mad fortune. How did the other book do? Have you heard? Yes. I should like Colette. Ehe; letter. Did another hour today

V.

June 25. 1936 Colette's "Anna de Noailles" in Brussels

Bless the Colette. & Elyabeth.

I'm almost floored by the extreme dexterity
might & beauty of Colette. How
does she do it? None of us could
could do a thing like that. If a copy
to Even Jerry I should like to have one—
to read it again. I see how it's done: & guess.
And I think I scarcely know her books!
Are they all novels? Is it the great
French tradition that lets her so
serenely, & set such a
Plane down, down to what this egg?
I'm green with envy: Call the same
I've just done my first batch of proofs.
Considering my head was mostly like a
bucket pudding laid about with
red hot nerves this is to my credit as
a woman — had I high the book.

as a bore)
We go down today till tomorrow -
so I shall see Simpkins on an altar,
& sit there in the cool, I think
a . . . . .
But we must meet soon -
I do want to hear the
authentic voice.
(I've had a whole week down, I hope
daily, no pain — Thank why I'm
so cock a hoop - But I wanted
a minute over the hour.)
I saw my Dr. the 29th in 10 days he'll be
able to cure me completely by injecting
hormones. At present the 29th is too risky.
It's all the stands in back of my neck the 29th -
And what about the Crescent
Pain ?
V.

NYPL

52 Tavistock Sqre.
Wednesday July 1. 1936

Back here again.
Yes, I remember Nurse Mckechnie
well, with affection, though just
knows I could hardly bring myself to see
her, so hideous were the fumes when I
last had intercourse. Oh how odd that
she should turn up again — there was a
fearful row with another nurse, &
poor M. was vanquished, & left my
father just before he died, & went to
Lady P. I think she caused a
good deal of rather Gallic comment
among some (Lady P's friends
(Dickensian I'm thinking of) who
said Lady P. should have petted him,
let her give herself airs, & be

Rita 2.4.63

Her set out on her proper station. She
used to tell me about the Pi long
before I met them — a nice gentle, sweet
feminine creature, whom my father
liked much better than the one who
supplanted her. But oh what
an unhappy time that was.
M. crying in my bedroom, remember.
I heard from Maurice about some
pestilential Frenchman he wanted me to
see — I hope his not as bad as his
handwriting makes out.

I am badgered by all kinds of
politicians at the moment. I have just
written a firm letter to resign my only
office, on the ground that my
husband does all that for two — or even
one dozen. Buzz buzz buzz goes the
telephone. But I'm slowly conquering.

V.

NYPL

Friday July 3./36

Only to-day I'm sorry about your sister: needless to say.
No, I don't mean for a moment
that M.B. tried to make me see this
prog: only handed on a request. — very
highly sympathetic.
Egypt & Violet Dickinson: they used to
laugh about Nurse M. who was dead
to [illegible] humly airs. I don't think
they were more snobbish than most of
their generation — only amused.
I wish endeavour to bring back the
Coachman hat next week.
But I must insist on return
Yes, I'm better, but
still a wobbly wobble.
V.

Thanks for sending on Colette. Very good of you.
What's her real name — address?
Never mind: I'll thank Theresa
M^rs de P.

52 C.S. Wednesday 8. Jan/36

Well you are a bold woman! Then open to Vita. I shall be eager to hear the result. And do you think Nessa has any power to alter? Anyhow you've done your duty by that character. Andrea, I'm beginning again – had a tooth out. Result, all the old demons out either jaw. But better again today. And I had thought I was 2 inches outside the wood, & could walk to Newhaven & back any day. Let me get to it tomorrow. till Friday And I wonder like to see you, Nessa

for I know before we know. Thanks for the
summons. But only not can be done without
nothing to you preposterous Lebrun. Much of
nothing to Neville L: He's not the man he was
as I last knew him. He painted fading landscapes,
one moor, one lake, one cow, one silk: but now a
terrible Jan rising a hall of stars from the
ocean bed. Tell me how. You will about
Rock & D.W. who has just sent me her
poems, with a fanfarronade by Yeats.
Equal scrawl — on my back, but Lord
he draws better tongue. It's words
this week though. Love V.
How's Maurice?

Dr Ursula Vaughan Williams
Catletts C/O Pharmaceutical Society
Rota 2.4.63